

Memorial to War-Horses.

THERE is in Japan a tall stone monument erected as a memorial to the horses killed in the Russian-Japanese War. It stands in the public park of the town of Sano in the Tochigi Prefecture. A photograph of the townsfolk gathered about it shows the headman of the district.

The Heart Breakers

A REAL AMERICAN ROMANCE

Honora Learns That Her Fascinating Little Sister Can Play a Double Game

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water.

Chapter XVIII.

THERE was a silence after Honora had finished speaking. Then, without a word, Arthur moved toward the door.

His action aroused Mildred from her momentary consternation. She took a step in his direction. "Arthur," she said, "I'm sorry for you. I did not know—I did not understand. Surely you can't blame me for not knowing what was not said. It's all pretty hard on me."

"You cannot blame me," she repeated weakly when Arthur did not respond. "I have said I am sorry for your trouble."

She paused, embarrassed by his unmoved demeanor. "Thank you," he rejoined formally. "I quite understand your position."

A smart rapping on the floor above broke in upon the awkward scene.

"That's Mrs. Higgins knocking for one of us," Honora said. "I got her! I will go to her."

Arthur held out his hand when she would have passed him. "I must go back home," murmured. "Good-night."

"Good-night!" she returned. Then, her hand in his, she spoke hurriedly. "Remember, if your mother needs me I will come to her at once. Unless," with a glance at Mildred, "But Arthur interrupted her. 'I will remember, thank you. If Cousin Carrie must go back to Wildwood tonight, mother may want you. If with decision,' she cannot have you, she will not consent to have anyone else. Good-night again—and thank you."

He went from the room and on up to Mrs. Higgins' room.

Mildred to Ashland.

Left alone in the library, Mildred stood, baffled by the sudden turn that events had taken. Tom had gone home; Arthur was horrid to her; Honora had gone off to Mrs. Higgins just as she, Mildred, did not need comfort.

Her indignation grew as she considered the position in which she had been thrust. She, the betrothed of Arthur Higgins, had not been considered any more than if she were Katie O'Brien out in the kitchen. The only person who had treated her as a human being was Tom Chandler. And he was going away tomorrow.

Well, he was not going by an early train. She would get in touch with him in some way before he left.

With him in some way before he left.

That would serve Arthur right. He had behaved abominably to her. If one might judge by appearances, Tom loved her better than Arthur did.

Upstairs, Honora was telling Mrs. Higgins of Mr. Bruce's death. The matron, hearing voices below, had become uneasy and had rapped on the door when her bell failed to bring some one to her room—some one from whom she could learn what had occurred.

"Poor Mrs. Bruce and poor Arthur!" she said now. "It is cruelly hard on them. I am thankful his mother has him, and am so glad that he has Mildred. It must have been a shock to her, too. She was so nervous and upset this afternoon about Arthur's unhappiness."

"Was she?" Honora asked the question involuntarily.

"Yes—that was the reason I urged her to keep her caller to dinner."

"Oh," Honora looked puzzled. "Then it was your invitation, was it?"

"Not exactly that—and yet in a way it was my invitation. You see Mildred was up here with me—and she was so depressed and so unhappy about the trouble at the Bruce's, although she did not then know how near the end was, and she was so blue about having dinner all alone that I told her to keep Miss Jasper to dinner."

"Miss Jasper?"

"Yes, the new young lady at Mr. Hilton's office, you know. Has she gone away yet, my dear?"

"She was not here when we came in," Honora replied.

"Well, she arrived late, so I told Mildred to keep her to dinner. They were young Mr. Chandler came, and Mildred asked if she might invite him also, I said she might."

"I know it was rather unconventional, without a chaperone, but with Miss Jasper here to keep her company, it seemed not so bad. I explained to Mildred that if she did not have a special friend here, I would not have permitted her to have a man dine with her. But as it was, I consented, for I was very sorry for our little Mildred."

"She remembered perfectly that evening and Arthur had entered the dining room there were but two places laid at the table."

"Who is downstairs now, Mrs. Higgins asked, 'is young Chandler still there?'"

"Oh, no! He went home some time ago, just after we arrived," Honora told her.

"That was very nice and considerate of him, I'm sure," Mrs. Higgins approved. "No doubt he felt that when Arthur came he should leave him alone with his betrothed. I suppose he took Miss Jasper home. Well, that was very nice and proper too."

Mildred felt too much disturbed to try to explain the state of affairs to Mrs. Higgins. Moreover, she wanted to be sure for herself just how Arthur stood.

"The Arthur and Mildred are downstairs together now?" the housekeeper inquired.

"No," Honora said. "Arthur has—"

"—and he went back to his mother. Even though her cousin is sitting with her, Arthur feels that his duty is there also."

"Of course it is, and he is a very unselfish man to think of that when he must want to be with Mildred," Mrs. Higgins commented.

To which speech Honora made no rejoinder.

To be continued.

To be continued.

To be continued.

To be continued.

To be continued.

To be continued.

To be continued.

To be continued.

To be continued.

To be continued.

To be continued.

To be continued.

To be continued.

It Takes a Lifetime of Study for Each Man to Know Himself



Magazine Page



THE MAN WITH THE X-RAY EYE



Before Them, From the Bed, Two Phosphorescent Spots Pierced the Darkness.

By GUY DE TERAMOND.

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

Lucien Delorme presents letters of introduction to Mrs. Arnelis and reports to her the discovery of the skeleton of the Countess d'Abazul-Vicosa.

Mrs. Arnelis, about sixty, carries about with her a fortune in jewels. Mrs. Tarkery is found dead in her room, murdered, an agent in investigation Delorme's is suspected. Later Delorme is released.

The Baron Plucke meets Delorme and reveals details of the transaction he intended to carry out.

Meanwhile, the fame of the rare jewels of the Countess d'Abazul-Vicosa, excited considerable comment throughout Paris, and a clever organization of thieves, the "A" Band, suits to exploit them. They lease an adjoining apartment.

Delorme comes to see the jewels, which have been offered as security for a loan to his aunt, and the Countess and his associates announce to him that the safe supposed to contain them is empty. The "A" Band decide to force an entrance to the safe.

Delorme is seized while at the safe, and is taken to the Countess's apartment. He is released, but the Countess is found dead.

Lucien falls in love with Georgette, one of the assassins, here is another miraculous escape from death.

"Those fuses have burst again!" exclaimed my aunt.

"But while she rushed out to get a lamp, my cousin and the doctor stood motionless with bewilderment, asking themselves if they, too, were not the victims. In their confusion, they had not noticed that on their bed, two phosphorescent spots pierced the darkness."

"The physician, recovering his coolness, was trying to discover with his fingers the exact place from which these twin lights could proceed, when he suddenly uttered a stifled exclamation:

"Why, it is his eyes that are luminous!" One would say that they predicted a sort of x-ray.

"X-ray," repeated Marise bewildered.

"It is not possible," continued the practitioner, under his breath as if he were talking to himself. "One would have to suppose the improbable hypothesis that he has swallowed a tube of radium!"

"Doctor," I interrupted laughing, "at the price per gramme my money is worth, I would like to indulge in such banquets."

"Who is talking of them?" retorted the physician. "Has the human body the capacity to absorb only through deglutition? But," he added instantly, "often a pleasant philosophy is right in affirming that truth always progresses through error: here is an objection that perhaps will put us on the right track! Wasn't it this morning that you came to my office for me to remove a small sanguino-vascular growth from your nostril?"

"This very morning, doctor," I applied a dressing?

"Wait. This atom of radium was drawn in, carried along by the circulatory stream. The violent shock of your fall localized it in your brain at the end of some vessel without an outlet. Your skull has become a radiographic apparatus. You see with X-rays!"

"But the skeletons!" I cried, astounded by what I heard.

"Are you ignorant of the first elements of radiology?" asked the physician. "As they are capable of penetrating stones, wood, paper, walls, your gaze can see nothing in human beings except their bones. Oh, my friend, he added, enthusiastically, you are a unique phenomenon, the first man to whom so marvelous a faculty has been given."

"Am I then condemned to live in a cemetery, Doctor?" I asked, and there no way of saving me from this perpetual spectacle of horror?

"It will suffice to place before your eyes a body refractory to the X-rays, such as silver, mercury or glass."

The last word made me start. Now everything was explained, and I understood all.

"It was my eyeglasses, it was the window of the cab, it was the panes of the janitors' door which had restored their human form to the pedestrians, to the inhabitants of the houses, to Marise, to the janitors, but as soon as I no longer looked at them through this simple, fragile protector, they again became to me horrible skeletons. And if, on my awakening, I had not seen my own face, my aunt, and the doctor under this form, through the hands of linen which enveloped my head, it was because the water washing the compresses on my face contained salts of lead, which the X-rays cannot pass."

Baron Plucke gazed at the speaker with an amazement which he no longer attempted to conceal.

Extraordinary as the whole story to which he had just listened might be, yet he could not do otherwise than believe it.

Once more truth was not probable. Then, as he entreated him to do so, Lucien Delorme told him the whole story of all his agitated life, from the day when, arriving in Paris to consult a prince of science concerning his extraordinary case, he had gone to Madame Arnelis's family boarding house.

He explained how, lying awake all night, thinking sadly of the singularity of his fate, he had seen behind the wall, as if on a radio-sonic screen, two skeletons enter the room next to his own, the taller having a bullet in his skull, the shorter man one in his leg, and the old American lady only through deglutition? But, he added instantly, "often a pleasant philosophy is right in affirming that truth always progresses through error: here is an objection that perhaps will put us on the right track! Wasn't it this morning that you came to my office for me to remove a small sanguino-vascular growth from your nostril?"

"This very morning, doctor," I applied a dressing?

"Which, according to my treatment, was an application of radium. Well, then," he continued, growing animated, "we may suppose that an infinitesimal atom was detached, penetrated under your skin, lodged in a corner of your nose."

"But, doctor, that isn't the way we see?"

which would have led to his reconnoitering among a hundred thousand, how before allowing his employer to enter a business transaction with a scoundrel of this kind, he had determined to find out whether the Maharajah's jewels really existed, delaying the appointment between the two men by a simple telephone message from one to the other, how, after having discovered that the safe was empty, he had been shut up in it, seeing the countess and his servant, close the iron blinds, turn the keys of the door, carry away his coat, which he easily recognized by the buttons, one of which, on the right side, was missing, and how, finally, that very evening, at the time when he no longer expected anything but a horrible death, some abruptly waiters had rescued him and fled before the sudden appearance, in the darkness, of his luminous eyes.

Lucien told him how, at the restaurant of the Silver Pike, having taken off his glasses to remove the mist on them, he had seen, distinctly, in the same way, the skeleton of his fiancée pour the contents of a metal vase into his glass and, descending hurriedly, overwhelmed by this sudden revelation he had recognized the Hindoo under his disguise of a woman adorned with flowers, by the bullet in the leg which marked him also with an indelible sign.

"Comte d'Abazul-Vicosa," he concluded, "his accomplice, Nam, are nothing but two abominable rascals, whom I have come to ask you, sir, to help me unmask."

"I promise," he cried the baron. "But," he added instantly, panting for breath, almost crushed by these revelations, "you are a unique phenomenon and your fortune is made."

Lucien Delorme shook his head mournfully.

"No," he replied, "for I have not told you all. I have told you that I came to Paris to consult a master of science, but you do not know his verdict. The veil of Isis cannot be raised with impunity. M. le Baron, and nature always takes her revenge upon the man who has penetrated her mystery. The radium in my brain is slowly destroying the different layers in contact with it. There will be first convulsions, then the progressive disappearance of reason and, finally, death through exhaustion."

"But," exclaimed the financier, "is there no remedy? Cannot you have this dangerous substance removed by an operation?"

"An operation would cause instantaneously what will happen only gradually, for the surgeon's scalpel would have to remove, slice by slice, the portions of cerebral matter containing the particle of radium."

He paused an instant and, sighing mournfully, continued:

"Yet, for a moment, I have had a glimpse of the degree of making me forget my terrible fate; the kisses of a worshipful fiancée, in spite of myself, restored hope. I will not tell you the disillusion which awaited me, nor the cruel suffering that now makes death appear as a deliverance."

The baron had risen and, holding out his hand to the young man, said:

"However that may be, my friend, you have done me a great service, and I will keep the promise I made you. Tomorrow the check for two hundred thousand francs which was to be paid for the clues that would have permitted me to dis-

cover my uncle's assassins will be at your disposal."

"I will accept it," replied Lucien simply, "not for myself, but for my mother. This sum will bring a little cheer into her life, crushed by my disappearance from the world."

"But why should you not go to her?" asked the baron.

"Because my duty forbids it. I am going to become a public peril. Gradually I shall become, in my turn, a radio-sonic, and all who approach me will undergo the effects of this formidable body. To live with me would be to rush to a slow death."

Then, with an energetic gesture, stopping the exclamation on the baron's lips, he added:

"Now, time presses, let us hasten to the police office; let us rid society of these two scoundrels."

(To Be Continued Tomorrow).

This Day in Our History.

THIS is the anniversary of the feast of St. Patrick, the patron Saint of Ireland. The day is celebrated by Irishmen throughout the country and the Shamrock, the flower of the Emerald Isle is much in evidence as an emblem of devotion to the 'ould country.'

Narrow Business Man

HE BASES OPINION ON ONE WOMAN.

War Activities Have Shown Women Are Capable in Handling Important Posts With Poise and Capability

By Eleanor Gilbert.

IT'S astonishing how men form a positive point of view about all women based on their experience with just one of the sex. Not the exceptional, open-minded, modern type of man. No. But there's a type—and alas, so many of him—who build an unchangeable opinion about women as a whole whenever they have a definite experience with one woman.

For example, I find too often that men have an idea that women don't want responsibility. They refuse to train women for managerial jobs because they are firmly convinced that women don't want them. I ran across a business man of this sort a day or two ago. It seems that once upon a time he had picked out a bright girl in his

factory and offered her a job as forewoman.

In his opinion the work of supervising this department was easy—in fact, it was so simple that he had shifted the man who had formerly occupied the job to something more difficult and he had selected this girl to take the foreman's job because she seemed unusually intelligent and the comparatively easy supervisor's job certainly within her power.

But she refused point-blank. Yes, she knew she'd get more pay. She knew it was considered a promotion to be forewoman. But she wouldn't take the job under any circumstances. She had plenty of reasons.

In the first place, she was afraid of responsibility. At present, she did her own work. If anything went wrong, it was her fault. She could and forgot about it as quickly as she could thereafter. But if she were held responsible for the work of her department, she would have to worry about everybody's work all the time. No rest, no peace of mind.

And then there was a more personal reason. She was "one of the girls." They were friendly to her and she became forewoman, she would lose that companionship. She would be "one of the girls" no more. They would be "one of the girls" no more. They would be "one of the girls" no more.

That man's experience with this weak-spirited girl settled his opinion. He was sure that no woman was capable of handling important posts with poise and capability. He was sure that no woman was capable of handling important posts with poise and capability.

There's no reason for any woman to refuse a bigger job. Even if she fails at the first attempt, she can be more than worth the effort. And, supremely stimulating, is the revelation of unknown strength and ability when you find that you who have always been content at little tasks are capable of performing big ones!

Nero's Fish Pond.

Beneath the Basilica of the Flavian palace in Rome Prof. Bont has found two narrow stairways leading to a "piscina," a water reservoir consisting of five large compartments. It is still intact, covered and well preserved by water-tight cement. The reservoir dates from the time of Nero, when it was used as a pond for sea fish, the object of breeding exotic fish for the Emperor's table.

Advice to the Lovelorn

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am eighteen and appeal to you to help me solve this question. Why is it I can't seem to find a man friend. In fact, I can't seem to find any real, true friends of either sex.

I am considered very pretty. Both by my parents and cousins, and I am also told that I have a sunny disposition, but these two assets are of no use to me. As I have been in America a long time and have no real friends. Can it be because I am a foreigner? As much as I love the country of my adoption, I am sorry to say that I am beginning to feel Americans are cold. They never seem to like my company, as I am not invited to any of their gatherings. I am very discouraged from always being left alone, so please tell me where to go to find friends.

A. P.

It is very difficult for a stranger to adjust herself to the social life of a foreign country. And perhaps you only imagine that people do not like you. Eighteen is very young and is apt to be over-sensitive. Join some sort of girls' club, or one of the numerous organizations that are interested in after-work work, or you might join a dancing class that is well recommended by some one in whom you have confidence. And you might get acquainted by taking part in the social life of your church. If you try any of these things do not look about for rebuffs.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am seventeen and in love with a lady thirty-two. She has been married before, and says she will make a good and faithful wife to me. Please advise me.

E. B.

I believe your marriage would not be legal at seventeen years of age. And whether it be legal or not you are entirely too young to think of marrying, especially a woman so much older than yourself.

The Only Case We Have Heard Of Where a Returning Soldier Did Not Want a Job

By FONTAINE FOX.



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Puss in Boots Jr.

By David Cory.

WELL, as soon as the Robber Dog disappeared, the Robber Kitten said to Puss Junior: "You have returned good for evil, for I stole your money."

"Well, I can't stand by and see a dog hurt a cat," replied Puss Junior. "I will have a cat dog me, and quick as a flash, Puss Junior seized the Robber Kitten's pistol and pointed it at him. 'Puss up!' he commanded, and up went the Robber Kitten's mother, even quicker than a wink. 'Hold them up till Tom Thumb goes through your pockets and gets the money you stole from me.' But, oh, dear! Tom Thumb had a lot of trouble getting the money out of that Robber Kitten's pocket, for he was still lying on the ground, and Puss Junior wouldn't let him get up. But after a while Tom Thumb pulled out the last penny. And then he came over to where Puss Junior stood and said to the Robber Kitten: 'I have all the money safe in my pocket.' So Puss Junior commanded the Robber Kitten to stand up.

"Then up he rose, and scratched his nose."

"And went home very sad. 'Oh, mother, dear, behold me here. I'll never more be bad. Bad, bad, bad. I'll never more be bad.'"

And when Puss and Tom Thumb heard the Robber Kitten say this to his mother, for they had followed him to his home, they looked at each other and smiled. And then the Robber Kitten's mother cried, for, of course, she was ashamed to think that her small son had turned into a robber and had stolen money from Puss Junior and Tom Thumb.

"Don't cry, madam," said Tom Thumb. "I think your son will be a good kitten after this. He should always remember how Puss Junior saved him from the Robber Dog, for there are not many cats in this world who are as kind as Puss Junior."

"No, indeed," replied the mother of the Robber Kitten. "Sir Cat," she said, bowing to Puss Junior. "I say 'Sir' for I see you have a sword and spurs. Therefore, you must be a Royal Cat."

"I am the son of the famous Puss in Boots," replied Puss Junior, "and am seeking adventure," and then with a low bow he turned away, followed by his faithful friend, Tom Thumb.

A Rara Avis.

Little Mary was visiting her grandmother in the country. Walking in the garden, she chanced to see a peacock, a bird she had never seen before. After gazing in silent admiration, she ran quickly into the house and cried out, "Oh, grandpa, come and see! One of your chickens is in bloom!"

Economical Recipes

PAN BREAD.

One cupful rice flour, 1 cupful wheat flour, 1 cupful barley flour, 2 tablespoonfuls shortening, 2 cupfuls sweet milk, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoonful salt, 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder.

Mix the dry ingredients, add one-half the shortening, rubbing it into the flour. Add milk, and last the eggs, well beaten. Put the mixture in the shortening in a dripping pan and set on the stove till it melts. Turn the batter into the pan when the fat is melted and hot. Bake in a hot oven. When done cut in squares and serve hot. This is an excellent way to utilize some of those substitute flours which may still be found on your pantry shelves.

OLIVE BREAD.

One and one-half cupfuls white bread flour, 1 1/2 cupfuls graham flour, 1 1/2 teaspoonfuls salt, 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder, 1 1/2 cupfuls milk, 1 1/2 cupfuls olive oil, 1 1/2 cupfuls milk.

Mix thoroughly the flour, salt and baking powder. Add soda to the mixture and combine with the milk. Mix all together and beat well. Lastly add the ripe olives stoned and cut into pieces not too fine. Turn into a well-greased loaf pan. Bake in a moderate oven for one hour.

CORN PUDDING.

Two cupfuls fresh or canned corn, 1 sweet pepper, 1 1/2 cupfuls milk, 1 egg, 3 tablespoonfuls fine corn meal, 2 tablespoonfuls savory fat, 1 teaspoonful salt.

Scald the milk, pour it over the meal, cover and let it stand until cool. Add the corn, the pepper cut fine, the beaten eggs, and seasonings. Bake in a slow oven for an hour or more, stirring it at the end of half an hour, then letting it form a crisp, brown crust. Dried sweet corn soaked and cooked in the same water until tender may be used in place of the fresh or canned corn, if preferred.